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CHAS. R. DENFON,  
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1206 CHESTNUT STREET.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.







Presented by

CHAS. S. DEACON,

Sixty Clover Club

1206 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



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The  
8<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
Dinner  
of the  
Overlook  
Thursday, Jan. 19<sup>th</sup>  
1888.



# The Clover Club

## MEMBERS

JOHN M. ASHMEAD,  
EDWARD BEDLOE,  
GEORGE W. BOYD,  
WILLIAM M. BUNN,  
FRANK A. BURR,  
ERASTUS BRAINERD,  
JOHN L. CARNCROSS,  
CHARLES R. DEACON,  
THOMAS DONALDSON,  
THOMAS R. ELCOCK,  
M. P. HANDY,  
A. G. HETHERINGTON,  
JAMES H. HEVERIN,  
B. K. JAMISON,

J. H. LAMBERT,  
WILLIAM HENRY LEX,  
L. N. MEGARGEE,  
ROYAL W. MERRILL,  
WILLIAM B. MERRILL,  
A. K. McCLURE,  
WAYNE MACVEAGH,  
GEORGE G. PIERIE,  
E. T. POSTLETHWAITE,  
THOMAS POTTER, JR.,  
WILLIAM M. SINGERLY,  
CHARLES EMORY SMITH,  
EDWIN S. STUART,  
J. WILLIAM WHITE.

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B. F. ESHLEMAN,  
BARTON D. EVANS,  
W. U. HENSEL,  
JAMES R. YOUNG,  
E. BURD GRUBB,

JOHN HOEY,  
WILLIAM LUDLOW,  
M. C. McDONALD,  
JOHN A. McCAULL,  
CHARLES W. BROOKE,  
RAFFAEL VARRIOS.

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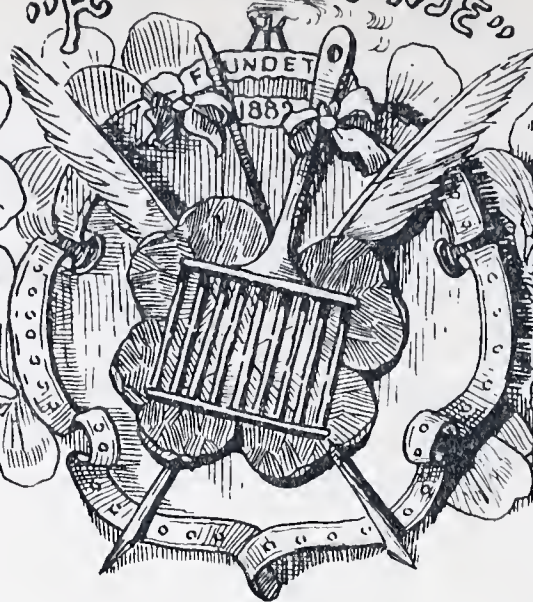


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CHATEAU MARGAUX,  
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## THE CLOVER IN BLOOM

**A**N accomplished scholar and man of the world, the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, is said to have expressed the conviction that life would be very agreeable, if it were not for its amusements ; but it is due to his memory to make it known that he had never attended a dinner of the Clover Club.

If he had been permitted to enjoy that privilege he would have discovered that not only may amusement be rendered agreeable, but that it may at the same time be adapted to purposes of instruction in some of the most important activities of American life.

The reporters have been very kind in their notices of our dinners, especially in printing at length the remarks of the editors of their respective journals ; but they have too frequently endeavored to give a humorous aspect to speeches, the object of which, every listener felt sure, was the giving of information ; and by reason of that error, our dinners have come to be regarded by many as occasions of mere frivolity.

The truth is that numerous subjects have been treated in after-dinner speeches to us, at almost as great length and certainly with as entire freedom from any suspicion of levity as if we were a scientific assembly.

The early struggles of rural journalism in Pennsylvania ; the statesmanlike grasp of mind required to govern wisely and well a distant territory without inhabitants ; the influence of an occasional correspondent in Paris on the elections of our Sheriffs ; how to grow rich in Philadelphia by publishing a free-trade newspaper and selling coal below cost ; these are a sample of the subjects which have been discussed elaborately in our presence and never without giving the greatest pleasure—to the speakers.

Shelley declares it is the comedy in Lear which entitles it to precedence over the immortal creations of Greek tragedy ; and therefore we do well to mingle, as we are able, with these grave discussions the gayer strains of happier hearts—with imitations, with recitations, with song, with repartee, “with malice towards none, with charity for all,” in kindliness of spirit, in the good fellowship of humor, we strive to make ourselves riper, wiser, more genial men, and to make this our brief comedy of a night, like that of the master, “universal, ideal and sublime.”

WAYNE MACVEAGH

## Clover, Sweet Clover

**A** FAUN came forth from his granite halls,  
No king of the Fauns was he,  
For mid grots  
And plots  
And echoing walls,  
The Fauns, as zephyrs, are free.

“Ho! courtiers, who love me, attend while I speak,  
And behold, as you love me, obey,”  
Sang the Faun,  
Skipping on,  
To the dizziest peak  
Of a bowlder wall lichened and gray.

“And now,” said the Faun, “with joy I would see  
What forever sweet clover will yield,  
So go hither,  
And thither,  
And the germs bring to me  
Of the blossom that’s queen of the field.”

Then each went out to the mouth of his grot  
That faced to the soft-breathing wind,  
With a smile  
All the while,  
He came bringing back — what?  
Why, a clover seed — king of its kind.

So Clover Club brothers, be jolly and laugh,  
To the honey-filled blossoms be true,  
And think  
As you drink  
Of the drops the winds quaff,  
From the clover cups laden with dew.

Our emblem, so cherished and charming to see,  
Shall the quatrefoil ever remain,  
And when Fame  
Calls the name  
That immortal shall be,  
All the echoes will "Clover" proclaim.

JAMES H. HEVERIN



## THE SUNSHINE OF THE CLOVER CLUB

THE monthly dinners of the Clover Club are admittedly the most attractive and sunshiny of all like gatherings in the country, and they are made so rather by the absence of effort than by any studied attempt to direct them. Its members shut the door on their cares and disputes for a season, and simply enjoy themselves in the freedom that never deforms itself by indulgence in license ; and the most dignified and sober of our public men have been among the most enjoying and enjoyable of the Club's guests. Presidents, ex-Presidents, defeated Presidential candidates, and an indefinite number of Presidential expectants in the Cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, etc., who have shared the hospitality of the Clover Club have always left its board with reluctance because of the perpetual sunshine that brightens it ; and the members of the Club, especially the younger members, have had opportunity for enjoyment and instruction such as is not afforded by any other social institution in this or any other city.

It needs no teaching or discipline to maintain the Clover Club as the sunniest of all social organizations. It made itself so by mere social evolution, and its individuality is a logical self-creation. If it attempted anything it would invite failure ; if it strained its opportunities, it would belittle itself. It is what it is because it has attempted nothing, exhausted nothing ; and it will continue to be the brightest and jolliest of social institutions simply because it will be true to nature, true to itself.

A. K. McCLURE

## The Pessimist's Prayer

WISE men look beneath the surface; all that glistens is not gold.  
One may smile yet be a villain now as in the days of old.  
'Neath the mask of jovial Laughter lurks the demon of Remorse,  
And the throes of indigestion follow many a toothsome course.  
Often he who sings the loudest hides a weary, aching heart,  
As the clown whose child lies dying tumbles through his antic part.  
Sunsets shine with crimson radiance brightest through a film of clouds;  
Wit seems wittier, Mirth seems merrier to inebriated crowds.  
Rome, once burned to drunken music, once was saved by cackling geese;  
Modern feasts, surpassing fable, offer both without surcease.  
Jokes, decrepit, senile, hoary, pristine, antique, moss-grown, rusty,  
Pre-historic, pre-diluvial, ante-mundane, effete, musty,  
Vigor, youth and vernal freshness seem by magic to regain,  
Heard by guests with alcoholic hyperæmia of the brain.  
Little reck they of the morrow's anorexia or gastralgia,  
Tumor Cranii, photophobia, lassitude and cephalalgia;  
Of the flowers of Mirth and Laughter, Vice hath twined a cunning wreath,  
Only he who sits and ponders sees the grinning skull beneath.  
Time-worn fancies—"snowy linen," "festive boards" and "sparkling glass"—  
On his mind their truthful shadows throw as, phantom-like, they pass;  
Shrouds of linen, boards for coffins, glass of ancient Venice' make  
Holding poison worse than Borgia's, waking thirst it's meant to slake.  
Treading hard on heels of Pleasure, Sorrow stalks with fretful mien,  
Never—surely "hardly ever"—are things truly what they seem.  
Viewed in Truth's eternal mirror, all that's blissful, bright and fair,  
Shows but as a thin veneer o'er weary Woe and carking Care.  
Friends the nearest, joys the rarest, thoughts that thrill and words that burn,  
All alike elusive spectres—at their hearts the canker worm!



To you who sit with blatant pleasure in an atmosphere carbonic,  
 Think the chairman's jokes impromptu, think the melodies harmonic,  
 Laugh uproarious at the stories, join vociferous in the chorus,  
 Called on, give the usual chestnut—"Highly honored! Fear to bore us!"  
 Eat your way straight through the menu (i. e. solids—drink the rest),  
 To you, omnivorous, insatiate, credulous, esurient Guest,  
 Just one word! Be not deceived by these your hosts whate'er occurs;  
 'Spite of frolic, fun and fancy, they're but whited sepulchres.  
 Their expressions, beaming, smiling, of good nature symptomatic,  
 Owe their charms delusive purely to their muscles zygomatic.  
 Peals of laughter, seeming straight from happy hearts, are merest sham,  
 Due to vocal chord vibrations, spasms of the diaphragm.  
 Ruddy hues their cheeks suffusing odious seem to one who knows  
 Rum-born tints—rosaceous acne soon to show at tip of nose.  
 Over-stimulated palates, ruined stomachs, nutmeg livers,  
 Dropsies, tremors, palsies, wastings, nervous quavers, shakes and shivers;  
 Brains (so-called) worn out and softened; intellects (alleged) o'erthrown;  
 Constitutions (like their habits) unamended; unatoned  
 Their profligacies; while stern Fate, resolved, relentless, real,  
 Follows them from health to illness, life to death, this world to Sheol.  
 Such the sequence that awaits them under guise of harmless fun:  
 Would my pen were tipped with venom so that he who reads would run!  
 They are hopeless, unrepentant, pachydermous, far too far gone  
 To be cured by serious counsel, much less through poetic jargon;  
 But that you who come beneath their evil influence at these dinners  
 May be saved, or not become worse than the average run of sinners;  
 That in a world where all is bad you may not be the very worst,  
 But may be warned by learning here that mirth conceals a Pit accursed,  
 Is the prayer my halting Muse would offer up, Supernal Power!  
 Help me, Pessimists celestial! Aid me Shade of Schopenhauer!

J. WILLIAM WHITE

## THE SOLILOQUY OF THE LOVING CUP

**I**T was just before the feast. The plates and knives and forks and spoons rattled with expectancy. The Loving Cup looked down upon them with its dimpled face beaming the self-satisfaction born of proud position.

“Be still!” it gurgled. “Know ye not that here ye are of little moment? And the delf which is making the most noise of all is least of all. I prompt men to smash it, but its demolition causes no tears to fall. Its place is easily filled. But, as for me, I am monarch of the mahogany. None of you can take my place. And why? Because none of you can kiss as I can. Men put their lips to mine, and the sweetness of my breath steals away their sadness and gives them brighter thoughts. They clasp me to them and sigh when I am torn away. I have a legion of lovers, and yet they never quarrel over the catholicity of my affections. I look into their eyes and there I read stories none of you can guess. Ah! how merry it all is. And sometimes how sad! I remember how, when a black moustache curled o’er my lips, I looked into the face of one I heard noisily called “Black Jack,” and I saw Death mirrored in his eyes. And yet he laughed. So did all. So did I. But the nation didn’t laugh when Logan died.

“There was another as brave and as good as he. He lifted me higher in the air than I had ever been before. The moustache that tickled my lips was gray. The kiss was eager. His face glowed with pleasure. But I saw the shadow in his eyes. Hancock sang, and so did every one, and I sang most merrily of all. But one month more and his song had ceased. Gloomy thoughts these, to be sure; but who is not doleful when waiting for dinner.

“Here’s a toast to the dead already;  
Hip! hurrah! for the next one who dies.”

“Aha! my bucks; the portals are thrown open. Now joy will be unconfined. There is no drinking after death.”

“A votre sante.”

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE







## The Loving Cup

**H**AIL to thee, Loving Cup! we rise at thy call,  
'Tis of brothers warm greeting, the sound;  
Life's path glows anew; fling care to the winds,  
And drink to the friends who surround.

One drop from thy font is an angel of peace;  
'Twas thy genius which guided the key,  
When from Pandora's lid the virtues escaped,  
For they all took refuge in thee.

Fleeting years may come, old age follow on,  
Till St. Peter the realms opens up;  
Then we'll bear to that bourne whence no one returns  
Sweetest mem'ries of thee—Loving Cup.

So speed on thy course round the banquet each meet;  
Gentle winds fill thy sails from above;  
Softly pausing in kissing each lip on thy way—  
Thou argosy laden with love.

THOMAS POTTER, Jr.

## “DINNA CAST HIM IN”

“THOSE who live on Mount Athos do not see Mount Athos.” Those who dwell on Clover’s summit are perhaps least conscious of Clover’s elevation. Some there are who, from Fame’s report, think it the reverse, and who are disposed to say “*facilis descensus*,” instead of: “This is the way to the stars.” A Senator of the United States, when invited, exclaimed: “The Clover Club?—That is hell!” But, in truth, we are not so bad as that. We would be as considerate with a Senator as the Scotch minister was with Charles the First, when he prayed: “Oh, Lord, shak’ him ower the mouth o’ hell, but dinna cast him in!”

Some of our friends have that experience. They may get shaken, but they are never dropped. Our tortures are not tortuous. If a guest rail he meets with raillery; if he soar, it is he who will be sore. When he has something to say, he says it; when he has nothing to say, we say it. We keep a choice assortment of Bedloe’s bedlam, Bunn’s banter, MacVeagh’s mockery and McClure’s merriment. Clover is surpassed as a bear garden only by the House, for there the bears are always loose; and excelled as a school of debate only by the Senate, for there the debate never ends. We let no one say with Hubert, in King John:

“I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s news,”

but we expect that every man shall strike while the iron is hot. No set form, but the free, unlimbered flight of Pegasus, and yet withal a serious purpose not too seriously pursued. The antithesis of thought, the contradiction of reason, the fancy of sobriety, the sober side of fun. A public spirit shining through the private method, and a private joy behind the veil of public purpose, there is the unerring eye quick to discern the uppermost thought, and the unfailing arm swift and sure to strike. A place where strained statecraft shall unbend, and where good humor shall ripen into wisest statecraft; where personal good fellowship shall blossom and flower in national good feeling; where there shall be the broadest hospitality for all that is brightest and best in genius and true comradeship. This is Clover.

CHAS. EMORY SMITH



## The Clover Schedule

WHEN we run a Clover table,  
Let it go on schedule time,  
For our guests all have free passes  
To a bright Arcadian clime;  
Never steam too high at starting—  
Just a sip—mayhap a sup—  
That will merely wet the whistle,  
From the fragrant loving cup.

At each station as we pass it,  
We put on a little steam,  
Pull the lever bar out slightly,  
And then let the whistle scream;  
At *Hûîtres*, *Potage* and *Poisson*,  
As we glide so gaily by,  
Let's wet the whistles up again  
Before they get too dry.

If, when we get to our *mouton*,  
Or haven't reached so far,  
We find the thing is going slow,—  
Full play the lever bar;  
'Twill make the four-leafed table dance,  
And everything spin round—  
Till all the guests have sixteen heads,  
And they're on upside down.

It's when we get to Terrapin  
We ope the throttle free,  
And never whistle down the brakes  
Till we're to Arcady.  
So then the song and jest go round,  
And speeches fall like lead;  
We part to dream of morning dew—  
And wake with Clover head.

E. T. POSTLETHWAITE

## THE STATUS OF CLOVER

IT is not of the slightest moment as a matter of evidence what my ideas are of a Clover Club dinner. I am a party in interest, being a member, and am sometimes on exhibition along with the others. The more important thing is what is the fellow's idea of a Clover Club dinner who is a "guest," and in no wise connected with the incorporation. For be it known that we are chartered and incorporated—for the purpose of eating and reveling—a court sat upon us, and granted us the right to eat, drink and be merry, and to sue and be sued, along with other social pleasures. Our dinners are therefore legal—a great point this, for an illegal dinner would be dreadful. The fun we have is legal, and the over-and-over repeated flashes of previously prepared wit and regular grinds of the same old things legal; the bill of fare and food legal; the eating of it legal, and so must be the indigestion which sometimes follows. What a blessed thing is legality.

In looking about the Club dining-room you can see our charter—our warrant of legality—on an easel, which signifies: "Here we sit," which is better than hanging on the wall, for then it would be: "Here we hang." This charter contains photographs of the members.

The charter is carried out after each dinner. In this it much resembles some of the guests.

The Loving Cup has three handles. They are real handles, positively put on by the maker of the cup. Persons have been known to imagine themselves in a

worse condition than they really were, early in the evening, by these three handles—they being used to cups with but one.

The silver gridiron in the centre of the table is quite novel, and at once catches the eye. On this the Club wit is toasted by the members prior to the dinner. Guests do not participate in this, but are soon afterwards basted by the Club in open session.

Guests once at a Clover Club dinner want to come again for various reasons. Some for the dinner, some for revenge, some to intimidate by their presence, others to enjoy, and others because they cannot refuse an old friend. One guest, a deaf man, insisted upon a second invitation, giving as a reason, that it was the only Club he had ever attended where he could both see and hear the proceedings.

THOMAS DONALDSON

## The Bouquet of the Banquet

FANCY swept with wildest dream,  
Through every flowery field;  
Seeking where the perfumes teem,—  
The scent symposiums yield.

Viewed he long the fairest flowers,  
Sparkling in their gems of dew;  
And though loitering in their bowers,  
Yearned he still for odors new.

So, poising pinions, on he sped,  
Through every dale and dell;  
In quest of blossoms that would shed  
The fragrance known so well.

Alas! the scent does not abound  
Where Fancy dwells or roves—  
The fragrance of the feast is found  
On breath perfumed with cloves.

JOHN M. ASHMEAD

## THE CLOVER CLUB'S MISSION

AT the Irving Supper to the Clover Club, Mr. Boucicault emphasized the fact that Mr. Irving in Shakspeare's plays, as given by the Lyceum Company, has surpassed all the great actors the English stage has produced, in the splendid distribution of characters, in fidelity to historical costume and detail, by the scholarly attention given to every part, no matter how insignificant, and above all, by catching the true spirit and intent of the Divine Bard himself.

In answer to this Mr. Irving said that if these plays were put upon the stage in a way that Shakspeare, the master mind, would have produced them, with the same material at his command, his mission was fulfilled.

So, it seems to us, that possibly the Clover Club has accomplished what it at first dreamed of, but hardly dared to hope for, the bringing together of scholarly men, men of genius, men who rule the great world, and men unknown to it but filled by the sweet bravery of Charles Lamb, welding and moulding them all for one bright evening into the spirit of the only Clubs that live in history to influence our Anglo-Saxon minds, the spirit that must have made Johnson the philosopher, Burke the orator, Sheridan the wit, Reynolds the painter, Garrick the actor, and Goldsmith the poet, so happy together.



If we in the interchange of thought such as theirs have made an atmosphere into which no man can come, if he have a soul; without feeling that here, at least; amidst the odor of these flowers, the palate tempted by all the good, round earth in her fullness can produce from her waters and her fields, the heart mellowed with "The wine that maketh glad," the ear charmed by song and the magic of eloquence, without feeling that here, amidst the Clover blossoms, all selfishness, all pride of place and power fade away into nothingness beside this wonderful companionship of men, if the Clover Club has brought this about in this quiet Quaker City, then it has solved the problem of perpetual youth and true manhood, it has accomplished its mission, and its work has not been done in vain.

A. G. HETHERINGTON

## The Wassail Bowl

PASS to me the wassail bowl,  
Brimming full and running over  
With a brewing fit for gods,  
Let me drink to fragrant clover;  
Soothing, lulling every pain,  
Banishing each care and spectre,  
Quaff all from the wassail bowl,  
Charged with Boldt's divinest nectar.

Circulate the wassail bowl,  
Wit and Song and Mirth inspiring,  
Every effervescing drop  
On the lips of Joy expiring;  
Gladness sparkles on its rim,  
Grief's lees at the bottom hover,  
All the scintillating beads  
Perfumed with the dew of clover.

Drink deep from the wassail bowl,  
All the soul's mute chambers sprinkle,  
Lay the dust of Time and Age,  
Smooth out every line and wrinkle;  
Welcome each symposium  
With the zest of youthful lover,  
While each member, guest and friend,  
Revel in the sweets of clover.

GEO. W. BOYD



## THE CLUB AS A LEVELER

THE true design of a Club is to nourish good fellowship. As a man builds a house to shelter himself from the discomforts of outdoor life, so he enters a club to escape for a time the pressure of engrossing cares. He may desire to cultivate his brain, minister to his stomach, or amuse himself. He seldom or never joins a club for the purpose of moral improvement.

The Clover Club seems to answer the general social purpose of its membership with clever clovership. Like the useful grass it takes its name from, it has more root than stalk, and more sweetness than fragrance, and more virtue when it is cut down and buried than when it stands on its feet and spreads itself.

To my mind the peculiarity about the Club which is most impressive is its thorough democracy, in refusing to recognize in any living creature the element of superiority. This is a little trying to persons whose self-esteem has been cultivated by the deference of others, but it is a wholesome experience and calculated to develop manliness. An institution which puts the man on a low seat on a par with the man on a high seat has mighty good authority for the innovation.

WILLIAM M. SINGERLY

## OUR PLATFORM

THE Clover Club is an exponent of the democracy of good fellowship and of the catholicity of hospitality. Its members and guests stand upon a common platform in temporary oblivion of all causes of difference in social or official position, personal relations, politics or religion. The Club claims distinction in that in the six years of its life never has there been an unpleasant scene around the quadrifoliate table. A Clover dinner never leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and is never followed by a sorrowful morrow. The maintenance of its fame and favor depend upon the adherence of its members to the fundamental principles of the organization as symbolized by the four leaves of Good-fellowship, Toleration, Hospitality and Unconventionality.

M. P. HANDY

## The First Man in Clover

WHEN Nebuchadnezzar, old Babylon's king,  
Decided to dine upon clover,  
They said he was mad, or the devil he had,  
Or else he was half-seas over.

But method in madness is sometimes disclosed,  
Hence the king, in a rational spasm,  
Said: "If all flesh is grass the reverse comes to pass,  
And straight I'll take my protoplasm."


Now our hosts of a later symposium say,  
To old Nebby, the palm we'll give over,  
For the fine loving cup he gave us to sup,  
Filled high with the dew of the clover.

If Nebby were "with us this evening" he'd say,  
As we'd stuff him with "chestnuts" and toast him:  
That he never did know such nectar could flow,  
Because he had no one to post him.

But here's to ourselves, live kings of the feast,  
"To grass" with all old-fashioned sinners;  
And here's to good cheer, may it ever reign here —  
Long life to the Clover Club dinners.

JOHN L. CARNCROSS

## A LESSON IN CLOVER

 Clover Club dinner hath a two-fold function. It teaches all the blessings of plenty, makes bright men great wits, silent men great friends, and all men who sit at its board good fellows. Its gentle wit flies from lip to lip, ascends into the brain, clears out all the foolish, dull and misty vapors of the mind; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive, full of nimble, fiery and happy fancies; which, being delivered over to the voice—the tongue—becomes excellent humor and makes excellent friends.

In Clover the horizon of life is bounded by the board; a gentle spirit animates every face; generous impulses speak in every eye, and of this happy kingdom, Clover, all the princes muster under one captain—the heart—which, puffed up with its brilliant retinue, is equal to any generous deeds. These, and many more gentle thoughts, are born of the Clover Club, which is “not only witty and happy in itself, but the cause of wit and happiness” in other men—its guests.

WM. BRADFORD MERRILL



## A BANKER'S BELIEF

**M**Y personal impressions about a Clover Club dinner are first of all that it should be a good one, and second, that the individual, whether a Cloverite or a guest of the Club, who would participate at such a dinner with the expectation of perfect enjoyment, must be a gastronome, with a healthy condition of body and mind. If the wine is served by the Club he should indulge moderately. Should he not be fortunate enough to have a good and generous friend on his left to order for him, he can do like McClure, drink Apollinaris water. His place at the table will either add or detract from his pleasure. He must be located so as to avoid the Argus eye of the president, and not be subject to the interruptions of his gavel, or suffer continued nervousness and dread of being called on at any moment for a speech, song or recitation. You want to get as near as possible to Bedloe, Potter, Ashmead, and other members of the Club, who contribute so much to the pleasure of their fellows. If you are a member, and wish to enjoy this life and the life to come, attend all the Clover dinners, do all in your power to contribute to the comfort and happiness of others, be an upright and consistent man, give your aid and influence to the officers of the Club in perpetuating the good name that we now enjoy throughout the almost known world.

B. K. JAMISON



## It's all in Clover

“**W**HAT do I think of the Clover Club?”  
A circle enchanted, a magic hubbub;  
A company wittier far than wag found  
With legs beneath Arthur's table round;  
A merry crew of well-grown men,  
Who try for the nonce to be boys again.  
Oh, what a sight for the eager eye  
That quatrefoil table to spy,  
With the Loving Cup enthroned on high,  
And the President heaving a heavy sigh,  
As he thinks of his gavel by-and-by,  
When the handle breaks and the splinters fly,  
And the members yell at him “Never say die!”  
And he mildly answers them “Fie, oh fie!”  
And helps himself once more to pie.

What are my thoughts of the Clover Club?  
Would I could voice them — there's the rub!  
What does a thirsty traveler think  
When his steps are led to a fountain's brink?  
And his sight is blessed with a bouquet such  
As might lure from Holland the heavy Dutch!  
With here a fountain of soft Yquem  
Playing a spray in a solid gem!  
And there's a water-nymph, from whose nipples  
Champagne in fiery fragrance ripples!  
And here a Satyr all bending below  
A-brimming a hogshead of rich Margaux.  
And over the scene the Goddess of Love,  
With her liquid smiles flowing down from above —

What do I think of it? Well I swear,  
I'll give up Heaven, if no Clover's there!

FRANK A. BURR



Non Resident  
Members.



## CLOVER SONGS



NE of the sweetest scents of our symposium is from our bouquet of melody.

In our musical discourse, we follow a time-honored convivial custom.

Morley tells us how: "at the banquet at Master Sophobulus, supper  
" being ended, and musicke bookes (according to the custome) being brought  
" to table, the mistress of the house presented the stranger with a part,  
" earnestly requesting him to sing." The Cloverites have improved upon the  
models and customs of the past; for with us singing is a customary accompani-  
ment of dining, as well as a sequence of supping, and all are performers. To the  
palate habituated to strong drink Chateau la Rose is sour, and Chambertin thin.  
So, to the ear trained exclusively in scientific music, some of our songs  
may seem vague and expressionless. But, are they? A noted statesman or  
general from the South, who comes to the Club bearing a message of fraternal  
peace, instantly finds an echo in a song of his home—"Maryland, My Maryland,"  
or, "Away Down South in Dixie." Then all is hushed while appreciative  
silence shows its sympathy with the sentiments of his heart. This may, after  
an appropriate intermission, be followed by a beautiful rendition of "Sweet  
Dreamland Faces," and then, in striking contrast, we listen with pleasure to the  
only extant example of musical dialogue (not duet), in the exciting description  
of the struggle between Cooper and Donnelly. Next, the Club, with hearty  
spontaneity recognizes the social and convivial qualities of a guest who has stood



our well-intentioned ordeal by agreeing that "he's a jolly good fellow": the "Amen!" at the conclusion finding expression in the more harmonious phrase: "So say we all of us." Operatic selections are sung with true Bohemian expression; tribute to the grace and beauty of woman is idealized in "Rosalie"; we pause in our mirth to philosophize upon "To-morrow," and the united and sincere sentiment of the Club culminates in a mark of respect for the nursery rhymes and rhythms of "Old Mother Goose," with a melodious ascription to "Oh, Clover Club!" The stentorian tones of two of our most popular companions then entertain and amuse all with the pedigree and performance of the "Bold McIntyres," and an apostrophe to the "Darby Ram"; while a moment later we are compelled to curb "some tediousness of speech or undue familiarity of story" with the "Dead March," from which we quickly turn to a living issue, and greet the recipient of the latest spoon with "Baby Mine." With proper respect we render the only tribute which, as a Club, we pay to the memory of a dead companion—in music. Always thankful in song that we live to enjoy the pleasures of the quatrifoglia board, and happy in knowing that, though "it comes very high," yet "it's cold and it's dry," and that "there's one more bottle to drink." And thus we sing our Clover songs, and Shakespeare's sentiments are ours:

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
"Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
"Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

WM. HENRY LEX



## CLOVER CHAFFING

A CLOVER dinner resembles the conventional social feast about as much as the variations of "Home, Sweet Home," or "Yankee Doodle" resemble the original music ; and therein lies its greatest charm.

At other festal boards the menu is discussed formally. This formality continues after the President, or toast-master has rapped the guests to order, that they may listen to the feast of reason and the flow that is to follow, in set order, but seldom does.

There is just enough formality about a Clover dinner to give coherence to its proceedings. There is perfect liberty, but no undue license ; and, altho' the Chair grants much freedom, yet the hand that wields the gavel is always respected.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,"

and with something akin to the same spirit, the Cloverites chaff their guests ; but, as the finest blades are those which have best stood the severest tests, so the finest speeches made in Clover have been those made by men who have stood the fire of raillery with the best of temper.

The jolly interruptions of Governor Bunn, the quips of Colonel McClure, the keen wit of Megargee, the brilliant asides of Wayne MacVeagh, the comments of Sir Charles Emory Smith, the satire of Counselor Heverin, the sedate encouragement of Colonel Potter, and the protecting protests (?) of President Handy, while adding to the hilarity of the occasion, and temporarily embarrassing the orator, never abashed a man who had anything to say worth listening to, and the instant such a one uttered an eloquent or striking remark, all raillery ceased and close attention and the heartiest appreciation took its place.

A Clover dinner has the scent of its name, the solace of tobacco, the sparkle of wine, the deliciousness of canvas-back duck, and the savor of terrapin ; it has also the sobriety of the staff of life in the shape of good common-sense which is its basis. I recall a scene at a Clover dinner :

### THE WISEMAN AND THE CLOVER CLUB

Right merrily comes the wassail bowl,  
Sing hey, the gleesome banquet in the hall.  
Life is but a journey—a tombstone is its goal—  
Sing ho, the merry scythe that ends us all.  
Good masters, pass the loving cup,  
Prithee lift it gently up,  
And list ye to the Chair's commanding call.

HANDY.— Gentlemen of the Clover Club:  
 Our honored guest is from the Hub—  
 Wiseman he, as Beelzebub.  
 Pray listen as his words of wisdom fall,  
*Chorus.*—Sing hey, the merry Wiseman with the gall.

WISEMAN.— Mr. President, in arising,  
 Your encomiums surprising,  
 And these Cloverites my eloquence appall.  
 Than now I ne'er felt prouder;  
 I feel, as it were,——

SINGERLY.— Louder !

WISEMAN.— I feel—I feel——

BUNN.— Stop feeling !

WISEMAN.— To your clemency appealing,  
 I'll please you with a classic legend all—  
*Chorus.*—Sing hey, the merry Wiseman with the gall.

WISEMAN.— There was once a Spartan youth,  
 Who never told——

MCCLURE.— The truth.

WISEMAN.— Of the fox he had secreted in his breast,  
 Though his entrails were in blisters,  
 And the ——

MEGARGEE.— Wind blew through his whiskers !

WISEMAN.— Gnawing must have made him most distress,  
 The claws had through his vest cut——

POTTER.— Chestnut !

WISEMAN.— Sir, I—hem——I—hem——

BURR.— Oh, don't cough !

WISEMAN.— I feel your conduct is——

CARNCROSS.— Come off !

WISEMAN.— Most annoying, you truly will confess,  
 This clamor unexpected.  
 I can't keep my thoughts collected  
 And relate this classic story  
 Which is——

HEVERIN.— A chestnut hoary !

WISEMAN.— Your observation gives me no distress;  
 In spite of all I'll speak  
 Like adamant my——

MACVEAGH.— Cheek !

WISEMAN.— Purpose to your interest enthrall.  
 Like mills your tongues may click-clack,

HANDY.— Please let him——

EMORY SMITH.— Spring his bric-a-brac !

WISEMAN.— That settles me, and in my chair I fall.  
*Chorus.*—Sing hey, the merry Wiseman with the gall.

EDWARD BEDLOE

## WHEN THE CLOVER FLAG FLIES

WHAT do I think of a Clover dinner? What a question, and only a very limited space to answer it in. No lawyer could give reasons for an opinion on so important a subject in such a space, it would not do him justice—though he does not always seek it.

I don't *think* when I go to a Clover dinner. There is no chance to think. It don't admit of thoughts. Thinking banishes wit, so for enjoyment I go and jump in the swim. No smell of the midnight oil ever has a chance to drown the odor of Clover. "NOW" is the spirit, the occasion, the point, to which all energy is bent at a Clover dinner.

Whenever that flag, bearing its green, immortal shamrock, is flung to the breeze from the roof of the Bellevue, it is notice to the world that care and thought are to be banished from the gathering that night; and you will see the great and good of every land, Scribes and Pharisees, men of war and men of peace, unbend their hitherto unruffled dignity and join in the fun that circles around the table leaves of Clover.

From the welcome at the door by Boldt to the final brandy and soda with Charley Brooke, a Clover dinner resembles no institution, association or collection of human beings that were ever put together for any sane purpose. The lesson taught may turn out a song, it may turn out a sermon, but whatever it be it will be with the united souls of mirth and good nature.

And just now, as I anticipate the end of my tether is reached, I imagine I can hear the Club warning to stop in that eternal refrain of: "Never take the horse-shoe from the door," as I never will while a Cloverite can be gathered in the morning.

THOMAS R. ELCOCK



## BOHEMIA


THE boundaries of geographical Bohemia limit only 20,000 square miles, but the metes of the real Bohemia—which is ideal—are vastly wider and longer, and include the land of good fellowship. Part of Bohemia is a desert, notably, it is said, that which comprises Philadelphia. In this desert the luck-table of the Clover Club is a refreshing oasis. My “idea of a dinner” at this table is that it should and does embody a decent protest against conventions, which are well enough in their way, but which are sometimes decidedly in your way. The dinner affords an opportunity for the relaxation of ordinary social rules, which, at times, irk grave men as well as gay :

“A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men.”

says the saw, and the Clover Club fun, when not too boisterous, but just boisterous enough, makes a club dinner a happy example of the life in “the higher Bohemia,” which is claimed to be the most enjoyable in existence.

ERASTUS BRAINERD

## CLOVER CHEER

Y view of a Clover Club dinner is not that of an editor, a lawyer, a man of leisure, or a statesman, such as most of the men who form the Club are ; but it is simply the view of a business man.

I find it is frequently not so much what is on the banqueting board as who sit around it that constitutes the real feast. As Solomon puts it: "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." The man who takes care or sorrow or business to the table with him, had better go fasting. Dining is an art, not a business. The chief difference between the cuisine of first and third-rate hotels is more in the matter of cooking and the manner of serving than in either quantity or quality of viand.

The chief charm of a Clover Club dinner is the utter absence of all care. The man who brings either business care or sorrow with him, finds the incumbrance promptly stripped from his back before the first course is served and compelled to forget it while the banquet lasts. Therein does the Clover table beat Solomon's dinner of herbs with love, because it has the stalled ox with love and all the good cheer and hale fellowship that love provokes and invokes.

EDWIN S. STUART

## UNCHANGING CLOVER

IF it were possible to frame into one brilliant mosaic only a single feature of each of the many Clover dinners that we have enjoyed it would indeed be an ideal, but it would be a feast of a larger duration than is ever granted to mortals. My idea of the Clover dinners is such a repast as we have always had, and as we shall have at our anniversary, of which this is only one of the pleasant souvenirs.

It was a custom of some of the founders of the Club to make a daily pilgrimage up Chestnut Street with the Bellevue as their Mecca. The party varied in numbers, but there were always enough for a good round of punches. One pleasant day the price was advanced without notice, and the pilgrims stood aghast.

“Send for Mr. Boldt,” said Tom Jackson.

The host appeared and was promptly questioned.

“We do not want punches any other way; the old punches were good enough.”

“But they require more whisky, Mr. Jackson.”

“We don’t want any more whisky; we often tell him to make them light.”

“But they take up more time.”

“We do not begrudge the time, we are willing to wait.”

“But they really are more expensive.”

“That is what we object to; we want the old punches just as before.”

The party was unanimous against a change. I think we like the Clover dinners best just as they always have been—reunions of friends, with brilliant exchanges of wit and sentiment, gatherings which we always anticipate with pleasure and leave with regret and the hope that the next will prove as delightful.

ROYAL W. MERRILL



## In an Undertone Way

**S**O you desire  
I take up my lyre  
And strike some new chord for the Clover?  
But I know if I do it  
You'll get right on to it,  
And call it a "Chestnut" all over.

Why want any change  
In that lofty range  
Of fricasseed French in Brother Boldt's bill?  
Make it English, you know,  
'Twould be the same go:  
The scent of the Clover would hang round it still.

Want anything better,  
Or dryer or wetter,  
Than the wit that along with the Pommery flows?  
I just want to move  
We don't try to improve  
On the Clover Club dinner that ev'ry one knows.

And so let me say,  
In an undertone way,  
With never a thought of a snub,  
That for saint or for sinner,  
The ideal dinner  
Is a dinner of our own Clover Club.

JAMES H. LAMBERT

## WHY WE LIVE IN CLOVER

**G**OOD fellowship is the cardinal requisite for membership in the Clover Club, and no one who has ever sat at its board doubts that it is true to at least two-thirds of the doctrines enunciated in the introduction of its Charter, which asserts that the members “have associated themselves together for the maintenance of a club for Social Enjoyment, the Cultivation of Literary Tastes and the encouragement of Hospitable Intercourse.”

There is an impression amongst those who have no actual knowledge of a Clover Club dinner that the members ruthlessly interrupt the speeches of its guests, whereas, in fact, no man who has anything to say ever fails to get a hearing, and some of the best after-dinner speeches ever heard have been made at the four-leafed table of this Club. A guest is only interrupted when he expects or courts interruption, and the gavel of the Chairman is always respected, even when used to restrain a member who may think the Chair is hardly fair to him or unnecessarily cautious in suppressing a cross-fire of wit and repartee.

A matter of just pride with the members is the fact that the Club's conviviality is never carried to extremes, for in the six years of the organization's existence there has never been a spectacle of intoxication from over-indulgence at its board such as is common at almost any public dinner.

What seems most to impress the guests of the Club is the absence of conventionalities; and the universal verdict of those it has entertained is that its innovations, while unique, are admirable—not copies, but original features, that

might be adopted more generally with excellent results. There is plenty of rollicking fun, but no buffoonery, at its meets, and while wit and wisdom alternate rapidly, coarseness, vulgarity and excess have no place. Jollity rules, however, and one might imagine that Francis Beaumont had the Club's room in the Bellevue introspectively in his mind's eye when he wrote to rare Ben Jonson :—

“ What things we have seen  
Done at the Mermaid ! Heard words that have been  
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life.”

The object of the Club, as set forth in the introduction above referred to, involves a first-class dinner once a month, a list of congenial guests who are deserving of social attention, a merry-making of the most pronounced order, produced through and by entirely original channels and methods, tempered by moderate indulgence in the good things provided, and a desire to exemplify the Club's motto :—“ While we live we live in clover.”

CHARLES R. DEACON, *Secretary*



## ENCHANTMENT HALL

**W**HILE I have had many peculiar experiences in my knockabout life, I never had one entirely extraordinary until a month ago. Superstitious people will hail it as supernatural, but I know there is nothing uncanny that can be traced to a purely natural source as either a cause or an effect. Until I ascertain whether my strange happening was either such natural cause or effect, I shall suspend judgment and await the verdict of wiser, calmer—and I may say evener—people, who have never been known to leave the Club and make conic sections along their route toward home.

It was on the night the Clover Club was entertained so magnificently by Hizzoner Mayor Fitler, or, possibly, it may have been in the early morning hours succeeding that symposium of pulchritude—I am not quite clear as to the time, and my well-known voracious veracity precludes the possibility of my attempting to mislead others. I was riding home, or was home, or in somebody's else home,—the place is about as misty in my memory as the time. I do know, however, that I was without a care, and was unconsciously—I think it must have been unconsciously, for I was not particularly conscious of any consciousness—repeating Mrs. Hemans' querulous query: "Is there a spot where sorrow comes no more?" As I put the interrogatory at space, as I thought, a cheerful, barytone

voice replied : “ Yes ; in Enchantment Hall ! ” Now there had been nobody near me a moment previously, but, locating the voice, I espied a cheery, cherubic old fellow nodding at me and smiling like an overgrown Jack-pot. By the snowy whiteness of his hair and beard he might have been as ancient as Rider Haggard’s “ She ” ; by the lustre of his eye, the freshness of his lip, the ruddy tint of his full, round, unwrinkled cheek, he seemed less than two score. “ Where is that place ? ” quoth I—and I remember most distinctly I was not a little surprised at my fearlessness and the clearness of my speech and inquiry. He jerked his pudgy thumb over his shoulder, and said in mellifluous tones : “ The properly-conducted banquet hall is a Hall of Enchantment. I guard the portals of such halls, and the Clover Club is my chief delight and pride. I allow neither care nor sorrow within ; I compel guest and member to put them aside with their hats and top-coats, and with wit and wisdom, song and sense, I banish the very memory of them. Sometimes men will take them on again at the door as they depart, but I notice you have not. See that you never do, and so ‘ good night. ’ ” “ Stay ! ” I cried, “ don’t you think there should be a larger uniformity in the Club tippie ? ” There was no response. I stared with bulging eyes, the place was vacant, but the charm of his presence lingers still.

W. M. BUNN

## THE WOMAN IN CLOVER

THE odor of that one sentiment never slighted at the Clover dinners: “The Ladies” should permeate these leaves. If allowed to dilate on this dear subject I would be truly happy, but alas and alas, I am confined to a very limited space, hence I omit the usual apology for my youth, modesty, and inexperience incidental to post-prandial speeches on “The Ladies, God bless ‘em.” I propose:

“THE IDEAL WOMAN.”

Gentlemen, a bumper!

The real woman is a thing of flesh and blood, with all the faults and frailties of humanity. For was she not created as a companion for man, out of his own ribs? She scolds the cook, doubts the tradesman, and weighs the groceries after the honest dealer has sent them home. She, at times, doubts her good husband even if he is smart enough not to be found out. She is often an abomination.

The ideal woman floats in the nebulae. A thing of glory just beyond your reach, thin, gauzy and unsubstantial, as bright as the rainbow and valued in proportion as it is unattainable. Succeed in attaining it and your touch transforms it to common clay, cast in the common mould. Happy is he who



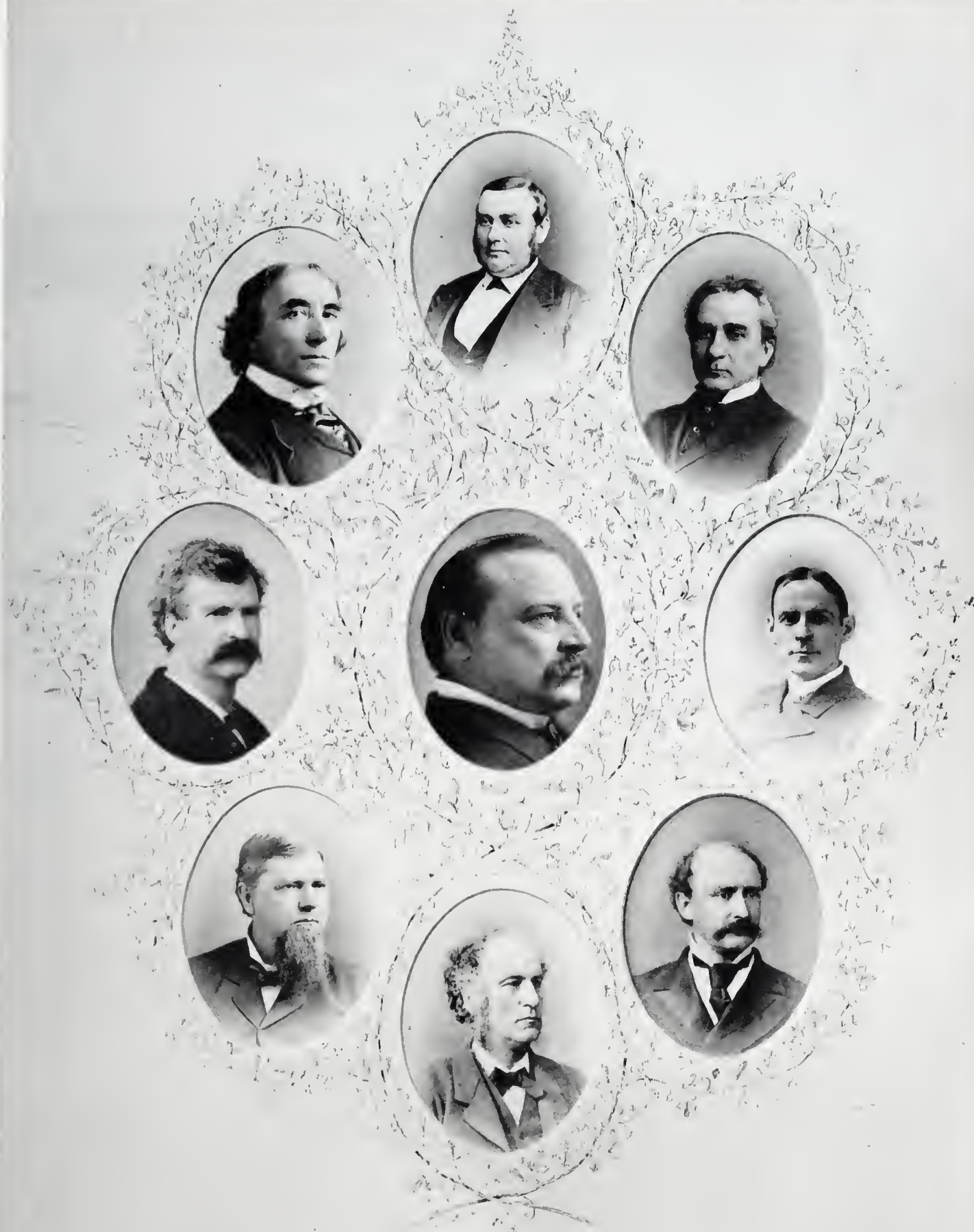
finds his ideal near enough to earth to rest her dainty feet upon it and walk lovingly, clingingly, confidingly beside him ; who mingles the purity of heaven with the fond, sweet passions and desires of earth ; who has enough faults of her own, and a candid consciousness of them, to prompt her to condone and cover from the world the graver faults of him she loves. Happy, thrice happy is he who finds this ideal at home in the name of wife and who strives to be, and believes himself worthy to walk beside her, shielding her with his strength as he grows strong from her weakness ; who, real himself, finds enough of heaven here in communion with the ideal reality to fit him for the soul's home, where the ideal drops the clogs of the real and spirit communes with spirit with no separate barrier of common fault between.

GEORGE G. PIERIE

## GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

I BRING glad tidings from the Capital city to my Clover brethren. It is a message from King Grover to King Moses and the boys—a response to the royal welcome given him at the Constitutional Centennial dinner. He says each shall have an office—an office in real clover—where there will be no work and big pay. Handy is to be sent as an ambassador to an Elysian court—a field of clover, a perfect Utopia, for it shall be a country where the “chestnut” has never yet made its appearance. It shall be a place where his beauteous whiskers will be safe from the blowing of any ill winds. He shall have a staff of secretaries and attaches, whose special instructions shall be to devote their entire attention and time to their chief. He shall have what his whiskers would indicate belonged to him naturally; that is, the pink of everything.

Colonel Burr shall be there to sing to him at intervals during the day the song of “Speed Away.” Colonel Donaldson to give him reminiscences about running political campaigns. Charley Brooke to ever keep green in his memory the “Tricolor,” and Colonels Potter and Lambert to tell to him tales of the camp and the bivouac. Each evening he shall have fables from Megargee’s “Bystander,” interspersed with songs from Carncross, Lex and the Merrills. Brainerd shall be a special messenger to carry to him his dividends from “The News,” and Jamison shall act as a volunteer aid to pony up the expense of his entertainments. He shall have new stories of the Confederacy from Colonel McCaull, and under the guidance of that reticent and subdued impressario, he will have Charlie Deacon as a living example of how it looks to be “as happy as the day is long.” Charley will also act as a bearer of messages to the lady “Sally, Who Lives in our Alley.” It will be readily seen that there is not a “chestnut” in this whole outfit. After Handy, Grover took up MacVeagh, and here he was puzzled. Where could he fix him? Only one office in the Government sized up to the proportions of Mac’s great dome of thought, and Grover said he felt like having another term of that himself. With the Hotspur Charles Emory Smith and the ex-Judge, ex-Colonel and ex-Governor William Malcolm Bunn, writing editorials in favor of his opponent, he was dead sure his wishes would be gratified. Finally, Grover said that the only way to dispose of the enigma was to place Wayne with the other two great minds, or top-weighted men of



~ Honorary Members ~





the Club, McClure and Singerly. They should be constituted a commission to have a general supervision over him, write his messages, talk to him about Randall and visit him at their pleasure—if not at his.

Another Commission shall be composed of Boyd, Postlethwaite and Hoey, with Elcock and Heverin as counsel and solicitors, whose duty it shall be to make a determined effort to have newspaper men and politicians consent to a repeal of the Inter-State Commerce law in so far as it prohibits the issuing of railroad passes. Dr. Bedloe shall have a roving commission at ten dollars per diem and expenses to hunt up Barbara Fritchie and prove that the old lady was not a myth. Ashmead, Evans and Hetherington shall go with the Doctor, that they may with their bubbling and effervescent spirits give life and buoyancy to his ever desponding, grave and morose nature. Hensel is already on the pay-roll (secret service), but Grover thinks he is playing in too big luck to have W. U. the chairman of his National Committee. He will not rob his sweet friend, Childs, but as a compliment to George, he will allow Pierie to graze his "Darby Ram" in the meadows about Round Top, with the Wooten Lily (Jersey breed) as a companion. As a wind-up, he bade me proclaim the good news to the people of Philadelphia that once more they would be made happy, because it was his intention to allow Colonel, Judge and Governor Bunn to withdraw his resignation as Governor and return to Idaho, taking with him the handsomest men of the Club, Congressman Harry H. Bingham and gentle Doctor J. William White, the two men who really get glasses above their mouths; and the stately Stuart, a fair match for Harry in the matter of glossy craniums.

JAMES RANKIN YOUNG

## Clover Cup

**L**ET us lift the glass with its golden glow,  
Where the diamonds sparkle ever;  
Let us moisten our lips with its feathery flow,  
And daintily sip, till the joys we know  
Shall link true hearts together.

### CHORUS :

Though the wine be red, though the wine be pale,  
Though the wine be golden yellow;  
There's that in the cup that never can fail  
To charm a jolly good fellow.

We have met where time is jeweled with joy ,  
And never a sorrow is known,  
Where happiness reigns exempt from alloy,  
And never a care intrudes to destroy  
The pleasure through friendship shown.—CHO.

Here's to the sun that fathers the wine,  
And here's to the earth its mother,--  
With a pledge to the drops of dew divine,  
The crystal beads that simmer and shine --  
And here's to the rain its brother.— CHO.

From the russet robes of the clustered vine,  
That decks the arbor over,  
We'll gather the hues that brightest shine,  
And from them all a wreath entwine,  
To crown a life in clover.— CHO.

JOHN HOEY

## WHY CLOVER ?

“WHY Clover?” has been bristling all over with interrogatories for me ever since I became a member of the Clover Club. It might be because living in clover is an ancient and trite synonym for luxury, dwelling where the lines of life have fallen in pleasant places; or, it may mean that we are jolly green, or a “bloomin’” lot; or it may only mean we have selected Clover that we may have on our crest words which suggest good living and brave dying. When I get thus far, however, I am prone to remember that Clover is a summer friend of rye in its innocent state, and that, probably, some of the members being on friendly terms with rye in its stalwart stage of existence, the two by being related to the same thing come, logically, to be related to each other—not that I would suggest any such connection from my association or experience with the Club. Then I am visited with visions of four-leafed clovers,—such a rarity in nature, you know,—and I am sure I have hit it, for is not all flesh grass, and are not four-leafed clovers the bright, particular specimens, and, indeed, are they not from greater natural expansiveness of surface able to absorb more dew? Then when Clover absorbs too much it gets “heady,” and is soon cut down and has to be hauled home. Beside, Clover gives the most fragrance when its head is soaked in dew and—well, the simile is obvious. Then, Clover is red-headed,



and you all know if the President of this Club were of the gentler sex there would always be a white horse in this neighborhood. And, then again, Clover never chooses its own field, but just settles down in any field of labor and grows up with the country; and every Clover has a finality—good Clover, sweet Clover, pure Clover when it has absorbed its share of the dews; when it has fed its share of the bees; when it has greeted the red-faced morning with face quite as red and beaming; wilted beneath the midsummer sun at noonday, or wafted to that declining orb a perfumed good-bye at eve, and danced and flirted the short, mellow, moonlight nights away to the roundelay of frog and whippoorwill for a few bright days and nights,—lo, it stands full ripe in unshrinking, unboastful heroism, bowing lowly, as Tom Jackson and Jim Ferguson did, in the reaper's way, falling in the wide swath, hauled away heavy with its own dying perfume to an odorous store-house. Here simile and finis fade fragrantly side by side away, and so—Clover.

CHARLES W. BROOKE

γαστήρ  
or  
The Stuffed Club

A Clover Club, what can that be?  
I said to myself one day,  
And I idly thought of something  
Like a stocking stuffed with hay.

I thought of the Daisies and Buttercups sweet,  
Ruthlessly torn from their bed  
To fill it, and sighed, that among them might be  
Forget-me-nots, withered and dead.

Since then, however,  
I've had my eye-teeth cut,  
You bet.

And, I've met that Clover Club I ween,  
Several times at Boldt's Sheebeen,  
"Daisies" and "Buttercups" both I've seen.  
(I'll just mention here, it's men I mean.)  
The wine was good and the wit was keen,  
There was nothing "dead" about this scene.  
And yet

When I called on the man who took me there  
Next day, and found him in a chair,  
Looking like Death and Sin, and Care,  
Bromide in his tumbler, and ice on his hair,  
Why then,

I felt sure he had eaten forget-me-not,  
And the same had gone to the proper spot,  
And he wouldn't—at least for a day.

—

So you see, I have found sweet flowers there,  
Flowers of sentiment, rich and rare,  
Wit that is quick, and keen, yet kind  
Flashing like lightning from mind to mind.  
Nevertheless

From what I now know, I make bold to say,  
That once a month, on a certain day,  
This Club is stuffed, but not with hay.

E. BURD GRUBB

## A RETROSPECT

MR. PRESIDENT :

Some idiot, who would not know how to eat a Clover Club dinner, and under no circumstances could receive an invitation thereto, has rushed into print finding fault with the *menu* of a dinner given to, and not by the Clover Club, reminds me of a "*Carte du Jour*," which might have been more varied but could not have been more enjoyed by those who were present at the festive board :

### HOTEL DE VICKSBURG

#### BILL OF FARE FOR JULY 1ST, 1863

SOUP.—Mule Tail

BOILED.—Mule Bacon, with Poke Greens

ROAST.—Mule Sirloin; Mule Rump Stuffed with Rice

VEGETABLES.—Peas and Rice

ENTRÉES.—Mule Head, Stuffed, *à la mode*; Mule Beef, Jerked, *à la Mexicana*; Mule Ears, Fricasseed, *à la Getch*; Mule Side, Stewed, New Style, hair on; Mule Liver, Hashed

SIDE DISHES.—Mule Salad; Mule Hoof, soused; Mule Brains *à la Omelette*; Mule Kidneys Stuffed with Peas; Mule Tripe Fried in Batter; Mule Tongue, cold, *à la Bray*

JELLIES.—Mule Foot

PASTRY.—Pea-Meal Pudding; Blackberry Sauce; Cottonwood-berry Pies; China-berry Tarts

DESSERT.—White Oak Acorns; Beech Nuts; Blackberry Leaf Tea; Genuine Confederate Coffee

LIQUEURS.—Mississippi Water, Vintage 1498, Superior, \$3.00; Limestone Water, Late Importation, Very Fine, \$2.75; Spring Water, Vicksburg Brand

Meals at all hours. Gentlemen to wait on themselves. Any inattention on the part of servants will be promptly reported at the office.

JEFF. DAVIS & CO., PROPRIETORS

The jackass before mentioned could not have been at Vicksburg or he would have been eaten up by

Yours truly

JNO. A. McCAULL

## A Clover Carol

THE Clover lads are ready  
With story, song and jest,  
Their wit so bright and steady  
Enchants the captive guest.  
They light the Clover beacon,  
For commensals and pards;  
And always have a Deacon  
To shuffle out the cards.  
They shout the jolly chorus,  
And shriek the witty rail:  
“No chestnut bring before us,  
To stay the festive gale.”  
The steersman’s always Handy,  
To turn the wheel of fun;  
And Bedloe he’s a dandy,  
To fire the minute gun.  
The gen’rous board is straining,  
For each to take his holt;  
And, though the night be waning,  
They never shoot the Boldt.  
All hail the man of Clover!  
And, when he goes to rest,  
St. Peter ’ll greet the rover  
And treat him to the best.  
Then still the tale be telling,  
Fill up the glasses high;  
While Clover heads are swelling  
And the bloom is on the rye.

WM. LUDLOW



## WIDENING THE CIRCLE

**C**OULD anything be more delicate than this? The guests are not compelled to listen to the speeches of their hosts, but can enliven some future hour by reading them. This delicate consideration is only equaled by that displayed by the United States Government in issuing blankets to the Indians. The articles issued are too thin for blankets and too thick for mosquito netting. They have one merit, however, if they are lost the Indians do not catch cold.

Up in the coal regions of Pennsylvania during the great strike of 1877 poverty and hunger were unbidden guests at many a miner's home. At the mines were camped the armed guards of the State, and their meals looked like the gorgeous banquets of Vitellus to the famished children that gathered about. One tiny tot of a child each day looked wistfully at an officer as he ate. He could not resist the pleading of those hungry eyes, but regularly had the child for a guest at his table. One day the little one sturdily refused to eat, but asked to take the food home. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she declined her accustomed meal, and declared she must share it with her mother and sisters, who were hungrier than she. The pleadings won and she divided with those at home. Perhaps, who knows, with this souvenir we are widening the circle of our guests, and though they sit below the salt, as it were, they will be inspired as they inhale these "scents" with that generous sympathy which belongs to those who live in Clover.

BARTON D. EVANS

## The Non-Resident

### AN ODE

A non-resident came from distant land to join the Clover Club,  
His efforts at post-prandials did always meet a snub;  
With flying colors o'er his head, at each successive meeting,  
He'd rise and say: "Gentlemen"—but meet the same old greeting.

He'd leave his home, his office, too, and say, in careless glee,  
This time, my boy, you'll not be snubbed—you will a hero be;  
To bring his county laurels back, his youthful heart did crave,  
But alas! old Bedloe always would most mischievously behave.

Beside "old Doc," there is a wretch whose name is William Bunn,  
He would sacrifice most gifted men, to work a "chestnut" pun,  
For his face is grave, when it should be merry, to follow a sentiment,  
And *VICE VERSA*, or any thing, that'll "knock out" a non-resident.

"Our honored guests" and "noble selves" at every recurring dinner,  
This rustic hath oft rehearsed, before his shining mirror,  
But the wickedness of Heverin *VICE*, and Handy President,  
Always combined, to sit upon, this rural non-resident.

But the time has come when they give him a chance  
To fight his enemies, with the "spear and lance"—  
But being hammered when he wanted to talk,  
He'll be silent now, lest he make a balk.

B. FRANK ESHLEMAN

## PREFERRING UNDER A BUSHEL

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY  
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

December 23, 1887

MY DEAR CLOVERS:

I went to Washington last Friday and returned to-day. Accordingly I didn't receive your circular letter till a few moments ago. I am glad to think it is too late!! But that is not my real excuse.

The fact is, my light is so feeble that under a bushel is the best place for it. Knowing that much is to know something, isn't it?

Even though I can't profit by the opportunity you have kindly given me I thank you for it.

With kindest greetings, believe me always, =

Yours, sincerely and fraternally

MITCHELL McDONALD

## A PLEA FOR SILENCE

EXECUTIVE MANSION  
WASHINGTON

December 21, 1887

SECRETARY CLOVER CLUB,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—The President has received your note of the 19th instant, inviting him to contribute to the brochure for the anniversary dinner of the Clover Club, and while he has the best wishes for the Club, and thanks it for the cordial manner in which he was received into its membership, he pleads time preoccupied, and asks to be excused from making a speech now.


Very respectfully

D. S. LAMONT

*Private Secretary*



## AN "AYE" FOR PROTECTION

R. SPEAKER, for six long years have I vainly struggled to catch your rolling and roving eye, and now, sir, while you give me official recognition, I am informed the previous question has been ordered, debate limited, and my time confined to five hundred words. I shall be brief; I hope parliamentary. I am constrained, however, to submit that my constituency will be not only disappointed but indignant. Knowing full well, sir, that had my views, suggestions and arguments been heard and *in extenso* years ago, our glorious country—yes, sir, yours and mine, I say yours because I believe the war commenced in 1861 is about over—would have been rushing forward in a career of unexampled prosperity, with no treasury surplus threatening financial conditions. The bill before us, sir, will make or destroy the peace, comfort and happiness of us all—call it by what name you will—to me and mine it shall ever be the Bill of Fare. Your people may call it *Menu* and thereby endeavor to add it to the free list, but, sir, I hope the experience of this intelligent body is familiar with the rose, the odor and the other name. "*Pomme de terre*," another deception. Why not have the courage to say, boldly, fearlessly, potatoes! Sir, I represent the American people on this floor—sixty millions, sir, and no legerdemain in legislation can make a whistle out of a pig's tail—yes, sir, I said a pig's tail. Nor can you even by classical French take the loved murphy out of a home rule Irish potato. Notwithstanding the many defects and objections I might indicate, I shall support this bill in all of its provisions, even if we remain until morning in our effort to reach the last section.

This bill embraces that idol which the freemen of Pennsylvania—again I say freemen of Pennsylvania—so devotedly love, a protecting of the American industry of catering and placing a high duty upon the diner-out. Pass this bill and the millenium may tramp along as soon as it pleases. The perfection of government will be ours. To-day, even to-night, the American landlord, restaurateur, caterer and cook rely exclusively upon American productions for American rulers. They import nothing but the French names for the *menu*, and they, thanks to a Republican President and a Republican Congress, are not dutiable articles. I say, sir, to the country, weighing

my every word, they are NOT dutiable articles. It is not even necessary for them to import their wines. The name is sufficient if the imitation is anywhere near correct—on the label. We are a proud people, sir, and we demand that if things, to be understood, must be called by foreign names, that the names shall, at least, be dignified by being stamped or printed upon American productions.

Out of order, Mr. Speaker? I then regret, that in my zeal, I have transgressed the rules of the House and withdraw my unparliamentary words.

I, sir, am a protectionist. Need I remark, in passing, that I represent the Keystone State of this mighty Union and that City of Brotherly Love that for years to come will continue to celebrate its centennials! Yes, sir, even its bi-centennials. Gentlemen I hope understand that word. A city that through wisely adjusted tariff legislation, remember, passed and enacted by my great party, gives employment to a million of people, who are happy and contented in their well-appointed homes built by our own loved Singerly, Widener and Elkins. I believe in the doctrines and teachings of my honored colleague, whose fame is world-wide, and I propose to contest for the control of this mighty government—thirty-eight States, sir—carrying the banner of my party with the name of the great unwilling unknown to victory in 1888.

But, sir, radical, extreme, and always a defender of my party's policy, I am upon this occasion ready to concede to my honorable opponents, the free traders, who would, I regret to say, at times, by iniquitous legislation destroy our temple of liberty, I am willing that the wings of the two great parties shall flap together and that by the unanimous vote of this body forever and forever all duty, external and internal, shall be kept off Clover Club friendship, conviviality and good fellowship. They should not be matters of duty, nor yet for revenue only, but free promptings from hearts of true, brave men, as fresh as morning dew distilled in fragrant clover cups. Such good fellowship, ripened in the sun of convivial cheer, part of eternity that no shades of adversity can blight and no frost of envy ever kill. Truly, let it ripen for Heaven, and may the table of the four-leaved clover ever stand directly under the meridian.

HENRY H. BINGHAM

## AN ENTRE-ACTE SCENT

CHICAGO, January 28th, 1888

[Mr. Irving loquitur—through telephone.]

It is very hard, you will agree with me, that even the devil cannot be in two places at once. I am supposed to be smelling brimstone at this moment, but the scent of your terrapin sets me sniffing: an earthly joy even at this distance. What do you say? Go on! I am waiting for the applause. Thank you. I can hear Donaldson quite distinctly. Well, I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen, for drinking my health. As I look around on so many friendly faces—what's that? What are you all laughing at? Oh—of course—I can't see friendly faces through the telephone. Quite so; but, as I was saying, they are just setting the Brochen scene, and if I had you all here dressed as imps, the whole thing would be so home-like—eh—what—no; I don't know the price of pigs in Chicago, but there are no seats to be had at three dollars. Yes, gentlemen, I have always held that the friendship between England and America—three cheers for Sullivan—do you say? By all means. Do you think he is open to an engagement in the box-office? But, as I was remarking, the friendship between England and America is a good domestic drama, which is likely to run for centuries. I think the members of your Club have excellent parts which they play exceedingly well, and for scenic effect, I know nothing better than your Clover Tree. May it be ever-green as the years roll on—may it sprout—but here is Loveday, who says the stage has been waiting quite long enough. Good night, gentlemen, and the best of good luck to you every one.

HENRY IRVING

## MARK TWAIN'S TWIST

HARTFORD, December 23, 1887

MY DEAR GOVERNOR :

Two days' notice to write twenty-five lines in ! It made me smile. Six months is the very briefest interval which a slow old person would look at for any literary service, be it measured by line, column, or acre. You don't move me a bit, Governor. When I write a line, it's a pure *happen*—it ain't ever the outcome of either a promise or an intention. And you wrong me when you appeal to my moral basis : Why, man, I haven't *got* any !

Ever yours sincerely

S. L. CLEMENS

Gov. W. M. BUNN

*Chairman Committee*



# BALMY BANTER

Form No. 44.

## NIGHT MESSAGE.

### THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

This Company **TRANSMITS** and **DELIVERS** messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assented to by the sender of the following message.

Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of **Unrepeated Night Messages**, sent at reduced rates, beyond a sum equal to ten times the amount paid for transmission; nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within thirty days after sending the message.

This is an **UNREPEATED NIGHT MESSAGE**, and is delivered by request of sender, under the conditions named above,

THOMAS T. ECKERT, General Manager.

NORVIN GREEN, President.

NUMBER	SENT BY	REC'D BY	CHECK
<i>any 1</i>	<i>Bo</i>	<i>fs</i>	<i>M paid unc</i>

Received at \_\_\_\_\_ *258a 12/23 188*

Dated \_\_\_\_\_ *Boston Mass. 22*

To \_\_\_\_\_ *W M Bunn Clover Club, Phila.*

*Sincerely regret inability to contribute a line worthy of  
the subject for*

*"The evil that men do lives after them;*

*The good is oft interred with their bones."*

*Edwin Booth.*

## SWEET CLOVER

“**I** WANT tew know” if you will be amused with my contribution of some quaint expressions heard in Yankeeland. Have you visited New England, and do you know folks there? However, I’ll chance you, and here are the samples :

“You’ll always do well here,” said the hall man, “They like things like you and Humpty Dumpty—operas and solemn plays they don’t care a durn for in this town.”

“Be you Billy Florence?” Wal we’re been warned concernin’ you, and they say you’re good.”

Just before our performance at R——, New Hampshire, an elderly person said : “These showers have a good night for their *tink tum*.”

At Marblehead I asked “How did Boucicault do here?” The landlord replied : “He got drunk and fell off the rope.”

“We used to have a regular theatre down tew Quincy. A man named Burt acted Macbeth and his little daughter played Eva.”

There is no end of them if you like to hear them.

Oliver Optic and myself were called to lecture in a New Hampshire village ; a committeeman called and said : “Wantin’ to save expense on printin’ programmes, I’ll announce the pieces ef you’ll tell me how they come in.”

I explained that Optic and myself would alternate in our readings—Optic to begin, I to end with my sketches of character. He stood at the side of the stage and said: “O! yez, O! yez. The entertainment for the benefit of Dodge Post will begin by readin’ an original story by Oliver Optic, otherwise William T. Adams. Ice cream at the back of the hall, ten cents a dish.”

After the reading the committee said: “We will now hev Mr. Sol Smith Russell in his comic doin’s. You hev all heerd of comical Brown, but Mr. Russell lays over Brown on the comic”—and while the audience were laughing over my efforts, the committee came to my dressing-room and said “They’re takin’ off their rubbers.”

And so he announced each selection on our programme, saying just before the closing piece:

“O! yez. O! yez. Thankin’ the audience on behalf of the Dodge Post for their liberal patronage, the lecture for this evenin’ will conclude with Mr. Russell in some more comics. Ice cream at the back of the hall reduced to five cents a dish.”

And yet there are people who think they live in Clover.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL







Published by  
The Stationery Department  
Bailey, Banks & Biddle  
Philadelphia











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